

first to make the breach, and Christ follows, to strengthen the things that are ready to perish. Suffering seems to be the penalty of sin even in this world. Let Herod wound, Jesus always follows to heal. But we need not be afraid, the Star of Bethlehem still shines, and is lighting the nations on to glory.

On that little hill of Bethlehem, on that December night, the great turn-table of the world's life moved round, and the train of events which had been rushing on from bad to worse changed its course and speeded on in the path of improvement. From Bethlehem has gone forth an influence that will eventually move the whole world. The fortifications of sin shall totter to their fall; the demon foe of man shall retire discomfited; the enfeebled, down-trodden sinner shall be saved; heaven's gates shall be unbarred, and the King of Glory shall lead triumphantly in, an unnumbered host for whom he has shed his blood. O Babe of Bethlehem's height! Hope of the world! man may be heedless of thy coming, but heaven destines thee to be the great Luminary of the Ages. O man, forgetful of life's aim, turn to that birthnight on Bethlehem, and as your infant Savior lies before you, remember your duty, and live a new life, in Christ.

Lying upon the ground in one of the quarries near ancient Baalbec is a stone of immense size. On it are the marks of the chisel showing that skillful workmanship had been employed upon it. Near by is the huge niche in the solid wall of the quarry indicating whence the block had been taken. It was designed, doubtless to occupy a conspicuous position in the new temple near at hand. But it was never borne to the temple area, and lifted to its proper place. There, half-buried among the debris of the quarry, it has lain during these long centuries, a masterpiece of skill, signally failing of its end. For every human life, there is in God's plan, a noble place, and life's object should be to find and fill that place. Not wealth, nor honor, nor anything that earth can give, will compensate for the failure to fill the position God designs. The Star of Bethlehem leads us there. Let us follow.

From THE HOME PULPIT, by E. Mason.

The Church on the Hill.

Some time ago Brother Nosam, in the E. wondered what had become of the nice little church on the hill since Bro. Brown has gotten into the habit of taking so many trips; and, as Bro. Brown has taken another start, Bro. Nosam may perhaps be getting a little uneasy about it. Don't fret brother everything is moving along all right. The bell on that church on the hill, rings every Sunday, Brown or no Brown; and as often as those inviting peals are heard, the people respond, and every time the congregation gathers there is some one there to talk to them. And whether it is big preaching or little preaching, the people come all the same.

Last Sunday night Bro. Isaac Kilhefner favored the people of Fairhaven with a good sermon, so I have been told. I was not present. I tried to fill the pulpit for brother Mallott, over Sunday, at North Liberty and Ankenytown. Was met at Independence, by Bro. Isaac Hess and conducted to his comfortable home in town. After supper Sister Hess suggested a visit to brother and sister Long's who had but recently moved to town, and so we did; little Blanchie and all. I found brother and sister Long well, both physically and spiritually. Sunday morning started for North Liberty, where we found another church on the hill which sounded out invitations from the belfry on Sunday morning. Many of the Brethren will remember the sound of the bell that called us during the Sunday School Convention at that place, several years ago. Some remarked that the bell did not sound well, they were not mistaken. There was something wrong. What was it? Why the bell was cracked and that was not the worst of it, their right to the house was in dispute. Well how is it now? When we came into the church yard we saw the cracked bell occupying a place along side the fence, and another one in its place and the brethren have now an undisputed right to the house. When Bro. Grubb took hold of the bell rope, it sounded out in a clear tone, come, come, come, and the people did come until I had a good congregation to talk to. When the brethren came in they looked as happy as though they were monarchs of all they surveyed, and their right, there was no one to dispute. After preaching we were cared for by brother and sister Levi Grubb, and taken to Ankenytown, and behold here is another brethren church

on the hill. But this is not finished yet; it is up and sided, and a splendid slate roof on it. We preached in the school house near by, to a large congregation. Here we met brother and sister Keiser, of Prattville Mich. Bro. Keiser is one of the ministers of the Silver Creek church, Williams County, Ohio. After the meeting went to the house of brother and sister Joseph Leedy, who live near the new church, and R. R. station. After a good dish of oysters for supper we had some splendid singing, accompanied by music furnished by one of the young sisters. Upon the whole we had a grand time of it.

On Monday morning returned to West Salem, from there to the house of brother B. F. Swinehart, near the Fairhaven church, where we had been invited to a china wedding, gotten up by the family relatives. After the presentation of the gift which consisted of a table full of china dishes, from the platter that holds the turkey down to the spoon that dips the gravy, a few speeches were made, and responded to by brother Swinehart. After this all kneeled in prayer. Then came a sumptuous dinner of good things. Sixty one were present, besides the children.

Now I did not write all this just to tell you that I have been to Knox Co., and that there is a church on the hill at Fairhaven, and a church on the hill at North Liberty, and a church on the hill at Ankenytown, but there are scores of Brethren churches on other hills and still going up, notwithstanding the scarcity of money and low prices for produce. If churches are springing up in these dull times, what may be expected when times become more flourishing. The Brethren church has come to stay as P. J. Brown says, "It is no longer a question as to whether it will succeed, but it is an established fact." If the Brethren church does not do more solid work in fifteen years than the German Baptist church did in one hundred years, then I am no prophet. There are quite a number of good honest brethren on the fence that go nothing on Annual Meeting decisions and usages of forty years ago. Come out and show your colors. If you have any concern for the good of your children and the generations that are coming after you, fall into line and help to push. But if you will not it will go without you, mark that.

WM. KIEFER.

Congress, Ohio.

Hic et Ubique.

BY A. RAMBLER.

For some time in the past our personal engagements have so crowded us that we had for a time to give up our rambling. Having a little time now, we resume our old habit and pay a short visit to the productions as found in E. Nos. 46 and 47, of Nov. 18th and 25th. First comes, "A Baptismal Dinner," and "A Glorious Meeting in the West," showing conclusively what can be accomplished if a proper effort is put forth, and brethren and sisters are in full sympathy with the ministers in the work. This is as it ought to be. A sad experience teaches us however, that this is often not the case. Church members too often seem to think the preacher can do it all.

"Valuable Opportunities Noticed," hits the nail on the head and gives A. Rambler the point end of the switch for his partial negligence.

"The Unpainted Canvas," comes next,—very good and very true; but very few of us have canvas of that kind. We all have been doing a little sketching of some kind.

"Metamorphoses," follow next. We place in close proximity the old [L] saying, "Tempora mutantur, entos mutamur in illis.—The times are changed, and we are changed with them.

Hastening on in our ramble we meet with such as, "Christian Heroism," "System," "Smite upon the Ground," "The Pullen and Peterson Debate," "No Respecter of Persons," &c. but have not time to tarry long, would only suggest to "System," that if the "Brethren" are all, gospel alone Christians we will need no Conference to inaugurate methods to draw money out of their purses to carry on the good work. The end in view will not always justify the means our minds might invent.

"Church Extension and Educational Fund," is a

move in the right direction, without a conference or an Annual Meeting.

Next comes "Dedication at New Enterprise, Penn." We love to hear of such events,—we ought to have many more.

From "Editorial Correspondence," we see Bro. Holsinger is still out working in behalf of Ashland College. Why is it, that a few of our wealthy brethren do not come to his assistance, giving the needed amount of money? Who will give the reason? There are plenty that could give the money needed. The Lord approbates the act of the woman that "done what she could."

"The Field," correspondence is still interesting and has a pretty sound ring with it.

"A Friendly Criticism," is all well enough but comes very near running into politics.

"The New Testament and A. M."—They don't agree that is true, but we ought to be careful that we don't run one extreme into another.

Next is "A Plea for Poor Ministers," brethren read, and re read it; pray over the subject, then go and do what you can. Here our rambles with No 46 are concluded.

In looking over No. 47 of Nov. 25th we shall have but little to say in a general way. The most it contains is good, wholesome, encouraging. The article "I Smote," don't come with very good grace; it is nothing more than hashing up an old dish, anew, that has been served, and served, and served until it is about as stale as it can get. If all that has been said about tobacco were true, it would certainly be well to do with it what all smokers do, that is, burn it and then blow the smoke away. It is noticeable that the opponents of tobacco all speak of the use of tobacco being a sin,—that the using of it is sinning against God; but fail to prove it such. We don't want to defend it, but there is no use to strain so much to get out the gnat, and leave the camel in.

In the next place we notice that the sisters are to have one page of the EVANGELIST for their contributions. That is all right,—very good! But is it not a little discouraging for some sisters, to see the names of other sisters lauded so highly and contributions called for while those that are not so able, are never mentioned? The weak need encouragement, not the strong. There is certainly but little, if any encouragement for beginners when this is the case.

The day is past, the night has come, our ramble for the present is ended.

To the Brethren at Enon, Waterloo, Iowa. DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS: This being Thanksgiving Day, we feel thankful for everything that we have enjoyed in the past, especially during the past week while we were among you, and our hearts ache, to be separated from you; but we are so glad that we can feel the presence of Jesus our great shepherd who says he will never leave us nor forsake us, if we follow him. We are indeed thankful to the brethren and sisters with whom we visited who treated us so kindly and also others that we could not visit who gave us the hand of warm, Christian fellowship. While we surrounded the table of the Lord, we felt that we were there with one mind and we could realize that Jesus was in our midst.

We were so glad to find you full of zeal for the Master. Some just started in the cause while we were among you; some quite young. To you I would say that when temptations come don't be discouraged, but keep your eyes on Christ, who is the author and finisher of our faith, and who is able to keep you from the snares of the evil one, and when you meet for worship or in the prayer or social meetings, remember us, and pray for us: we need your prayers. We would like to be with you often if it were convenient; and if it is God's will that we should never meet in this world we hope to meet beyond the river where the surges cease to roll.

A BROTHER AND SISTER.

Never suspecting what a noble creature he was meant to be he never saw what a poor creature he was.—MARY MARSTON.

No amount of lonely power could create. It is the love that is at the root of the power, the power of power, which alone can create.—MIRACLES OF OUR LORD.